

CONVENTION SEATS AT \$150 GOOD GRAFT

Many Fortunate Holders Will
Pay Expenses of Trip
Scalping Them.

ARE FREE TO CLAQUERS

Leather Lugged Men to Pay
for Them by Well Timed
Cheering.

By a Staff Correspondent of THE SUN AND
NEW YORK HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.—Convention seats were selling at \$150 apiece this morning. Until today the quoted price had been \$100. In front of the St. Francis a loud voiced young man was bawling: "Buy your convention tickets here!" He was selling at \$150. Tickets are being sold also through other and quieter channels. Some fortunate persons are going to meet at least part of their travel expense to San Francisco through their ability to obtain tickets. "You know of anybody looking for admission to the hall tonight?" "I know of a San Francisco acquaintance. 'Father has several.' 'Let me introduce you to him,' replied the friend. "He was just asking where I thought he might get a ticket. The lieutenant looked hopeful, but only the leg work drew his acquaintance to one side. 'I know what a lieutenant's salary is. He couldn't pay even a hundred, and father is holding his tickets at \$150 now.'"

Political conventions make strange bedfellows. In the group of "college students" who will serve as ushers at the convention is at least one man who finished his college days many years ago. But he gets into the show anyway will do some ushering. Alongside messengers who will be saved from witting their collars by their leg work only by the fact that they wear no collars, are men whose only leg work will be to get inside the auditorium on the credentials as a messenger which they have obtained. Another device which is said to have enabled some stout lugged gentlemen to get inside the hall is to be bought one of the candidate's headquarters to scatter men throughout the hall on tickets which are to be paid for by loud and spontaneous cheering when the signal is given that the psychological moment has arrived.

"Who is the best man to carry your State?" is a question heard on every side in the hotel lobbies and convention hall. H. H. Bailey, delegate from Barre, Vt., is assuming the next step in the game. He is asking the delegates to carry his State. Vermont and Utah were the only two States to go Republican in 1912.

The members of the Florida delegation, who are stopping at the Sutter Hotel, have got into a heated and prolonged argument with the native Californians in the lobby about the relative merits of the Florida and California climates.

Representative Frank Clark, speaking for the Florida men, maintains that his State has everything in the way of climate that California has and then some. Puffed to the wall, however, he was forced to admit that the nights are much cooler in the summer time here than at Palm Beach.

Now that the Democratic National Convention has come as far as the Pacific coast and everybody likes it, John H. Wilson, National Committee man from Illinois, thinks the next step will be Honolulu. "If I can get some of the delegates to visit the islands for this convention is over," he said to-day. "I am sure they will come boosters for me for the 1924 convention. California may have a fine climate and all that, but you ought to see our place."

W. D. Claypool, who comes from Glia, Ariz., is being kept busy explaining to other delegates that his home town is not inhabited largely by the famous little monsters. He says Glia is one of the most enterprising little towns in the State and there is absolutely nothing monstrous about it.

The chambermaid in charge of the rooms of THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD Bureau left the following this morning:

"And you want to get out early on Sunday—"

"But one man won't get up—"

"And you knock again—"

"And again—"

"And he says: 'Not yet, maid; not yet.'"

"And finally you are giving up hope of getting through—"

"And you go again—"

"And knock gently. Finally both cars and the maid behold—"

"A voice says inside—"

"You don't have to bother with the room to-day—"

"Oh, boys, all right a grand and glorious feeling—"

Ta-ra-ta-ta-ta.

Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer and Fred B. Lynch, head of the Minnesota delegation, proved that they were lively dodgers yesterday when they were caught between the street car tracks on Market street just as the train was about to be given by the traffic cop. They succeeded in getting in front of one car and then another, much to the discomfort of the motorman, who did not know they were trying to avoid a candidate for the Presidential nomination and one of his chief supporters, but suspected from the appearance of the two men that they were "somebody." Finally both cars were stopped and Messrs. Palmer and Lynch crossed in safety.

To just about California that Georgia "beaches" are every bit as fine as anything California can produce. The Georgia delegation has brought a few of pretty girls, and they are attractive widespread attention. The leader of the delegation of "beaches" is Miss Dorothy Dean, one of three daughters of H. H. Dean of Gainesville, delegate at large.

Little Chris Allen Martin of El Paso, Texas, came to the convention with his father in the same train with James Hamilton Lewis of Chicago. Said little Chris, after a good look at the Chicago politician: "Daddy, he'd look like a chrysalis if he didn't look like a chrysalis."

Rine Lardner has revealed the secret which big Bill Lingo fondly hoped had been buried deep in time—that Bill is the only outsider in the history of the world who ever had four home runs pounded over his head in one game of ball.

around for several days. The working newspapermen who run down the facts and present them as accurately as they can have also been on hand to-day. The country editors of California having finished last week's paper, are here, planning to see the thing in operation, read what the others write and take home real inside accounts of the convention. Their budgets are not as pretty as those of the other two groups, but they furnish good seats.

Jim Ham Lewis electrified his friends by piling out of the Palace Hotel in an awful rush. "Must be something big on," he said. "Why the rush, Senator?" inquired a friend. "I'm on my way to see a throat specialist," replied Jim Ham. "I expect to do a great deal of talking next week, you know." The best part of this yarn is that it's true.

Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, has found one way to escape the high cost of living. As a delegate to the Democratic furs, the first donation of which will be heard this noon, Josephus worries not about hotel rooms, but as to bellhops and trips to the dining room. Josephus sleeps and eats aboard the flagship New Mexico, one of the fleetest battleships in the harbor, and it doesn't cost him a dime.

A wild-eyed delegate from the Imperial State of Texas ploughed through the hand packed lobby of the Palace yesterday and trampled all over the carriages which belong to the Governor. "Don't mind me," smiled the Governor. "The noble around here except a little Governor."

Miss Genevieve Conroy, hostess at the Palace Hotel, advised to remark that the convention is the biggest crowd she ever had. "I hope they don't do it," she said. "If McAdoo does this and if McAdoo says, I hope they don't do it," she said. "If you will see Homer Cummings, perhaps he may be able to tell you," answered the accommodating delegate from Alabama.

SESSION AWAITS 'MASTER'S VOICE'

Continued from First Page.

Targant handshakes, comes to the press stand hunting for the Indianapolis News reporter, for Targant, out to beat Jim Watson in the Hoosier State, is overlooking no bet and the noise is a power in the middle West.

Suddenly the murmur of this multitude is halted. Cheers leap up from the seats of the New York delegation and there is sporadic handclapping in other parts of the hall. The cheering is not only for the fact that the next step will be Honolulu, but for the fact that the next step will be Honolulu, but for the fact that the next step will be Honolulu.

Women a Convention Factor.

They are hurrying the balloons from State street, standing now and grown men, men with long white beards and bald as a rock's egg, are having the time of their life at this child's game. The women delegates are beating the balloons about, but the women delegates are infinitely more serious in their whole attitude than the men. We are seeing a convention with 100 women delegates in it. Twenty-five of them are delegates at large. One hundred and fifty alternates are sitting toward the back of the hall in the space reserved for the substitutes. There are women upon the stage helping to run the show. We see Mrs. George B. Bass, chairman of the National Democratic Women's Bureau. Her Alice blue hat is one of the few things distracting the attention of the serious minded women delegates. Let principles be what they may, what is a hat?

A squad of United States marines in the old time uniform of blue blouse with scarlet piping and lighter blue trousers comes to the front of the stage. The marines bear the Stars and Stripes and are ready with their bugles to sound the clear notes that will signal the official opening of this National Convention. Behind them appears the young gentleman from Montana who is to set the thing going—J. Bruce Kremer, vice-chairman of the National Committee. At the sound of the marines' bugles there comes tumbling from the ceiling, like a great sail being loosed from its halyards, the largest American flag in California. It is seventy-five feet long and thirty feet wide. Simultaneously some body back of the scenes touches a button and smaller flags which had concealed an oil portrait of Woodrow Wilson hanging upon the lower wall of the great organ are whisked aside and the higher bared, bold eyed face of the party's master is revealed as it was before Lincoln changed its lines. This is 12:25 P. M. here, or 4:25 in New York.

Now the Convention is Under Way.

If any particular effect had been claimed the convulsions must have been chagrined. For although there was handclapping and cheering there is no great great cheering and no great great cheering. The name of Roosevelt when it exploded over the heads of conventions. They say this convention cannot be stamped for Wilson no matter what trick is tried, no matter what artful means are used. That remains to be seen, but the dramatic exposure of the portrait falls somewhat flatly.

Aside from that fact, nothing like this ever has been staged so artfully in a convention. Never before has the marching of the States under their standards started at the sound of the starter's guns. The convention has opened, and here they are, grabbing their State standards and milling among themselves until out of the assembled mass there emerges procession, jamming its way around the hall slowly.

They are cheering a little more in bursts and then not yelling at all. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, upstate New York's standard, lifts it high in air and swings into the rocking, rollicking procession. Norman E. Mack makes an ineffectual effort to recover his standard and even tries to wrest it from Roosevelt's hands. But young Franklin Roosevelt would make two of the plump and elderly Mack and the tugboat man is ended as Roosevelt yanks away the standard and Mack in losing his balance staggers back into the crowd.

The episode has more significance than appears on the surface. It symbolizes the difference in the Empire State delegation of the Murphy-Tammany domination. Mack merely represents Tammany's cold determination to sit tight.

never have been very successful. At Denver a dozen years ago the late Charles White, prize fight referee, a real connoisseur of paintings and megalomaniac for the New York delegation, flattered a dozen wild eyed Western Bryan voters when they tried to snatch away the great guidon uplifting the name "New York."

Kremer Tames the Cohorts.

Kremer fights to get order, and his extraordinary shrill, far carrying voice searches to the most distant nooks of the great building. But delegates and visitors insist on playing in this wonderful game. They are having a grand old time and they hesitate to take up the chores. Kremer presently tames them. At 12:45 the demonstration dies out. The vice-chairman, Democratic Secretary of the State, leads forward one of the most noted ecclesiastics of the Pacific coast, Mr. Patrick L. Ryan, Vicar General of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco. With good sense and a large experience in human nature, Mr. Ryan makes it short. He offers merely a few graceful though fervent words of appeal for God's blessing and then guided the great chorus into a recital of the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Kremer plunges immediately into the chairman's opening address. This doubtless is in type in every newspaper office in the country, so the reporters skip themselves with the glowing interesting characters of the closely packed masses of the party in the past are missing.

Convention Favorites Missing.

Death has laid its hand on Democracy since the last convention. The giant Ollie James of the tremendous voice and frame of Hector is not here. One looks in vain beneath the standard of Illinois for the short, powerful, frantically gesticulating Irish-American politician, Roger Sullivan; beneath the standard of Oklahoma for the entertaining Alfalfa Bill Oursay.

And where, among the living, is Honey Bee, ex-Mayor of Boston, not only a member "Sweet Adeline" but also a member by request in Baltimore in 1912 with Ollie James in the chair? Where are Thomas E. Ryan and August Belmont of New York, who sat in the same convention and heard Bryan read them over the coils and read them out of the party? Where is Alton B. Parker of New York, nominee for President in 1904? Where is Boyle of Illinois, who once sat with Wilson so consistently at St. Louis four years ago that he alone stood out to the end?

Harry of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Cross of Gold Convention of 1896, is dead. So are Senator William C. Jones, one time chairman of the National Committee; Colonel Griffr Brainerd, for many years Missouri member of the Democratic National Committee; and Senator William J. Stone, "Gumshoe Bill," and others who rode high along the Democratic skyline in the past.

The impermanence of the national chairmanship is suggested by the presence in the auditorium of three men who have headed the party and are now private, though two of them are by no means short of power. They are Norman C. Mack, ex-Lieutenant Governor of New York and Thomas Targant of Indiana. McAdoo is merely a spectator—he is the young man but for whom Woodrow Wilson probably would not be President; now he's fighting Wilson.

Wary Veterans Displaced.

An interesting thing is to note the new faces, the incoming young figures of the party. Back in the Louisiana delegation sits young Jim Thompson, New Orleans (all fair haired, blue eyed, with a wonderfully engaging smile. He is one of the particularly popular delegates. Conventions have been held in New Orleans at Baltimore eight years ago he saw a young girl spring upon the elevated stand where the newspaper men were writing. From that moment the girl became a case of interest to Thompson. He has the proceedings of the convention. She was and is Champ Clark's daughter, Genevieve. Soon after the Baltimore convention she became Jim Thompson's wife.

Tribute to Women's Power.

Smith reads the lists of suggested temporary officers of the convention, beginning with Homer S. Cummings for chairman, Ed Hoffman of Indiana, for secretary and an interminable list of minor jobs which are decorative only. The only interesting thing about this list is that for the first time in history it contains the name of a woman.

For some reason, as Smith reads the names there are ripples of laughter, and one wonders why this is, because

It surely cannot be that the ladies are being kidded.

Fred B. Lynch, National Committee man from Minnesota, rises to move that three distinguished Democrats be named to guide to the platform the keynote of this year, Cummings. The three selected by Kremer are Senator Phelan of California, who looks very much like a dozen wild eyed Western Bryan voters, and the immense crowd lifts itself and the tall Mr. Cummings shows in the center of the floor back of the New York delegation and there is joined by the exhorting committee.

Cummings receives a really handsome greeting. He is a fine upstanding figure of a man, a little taller than the average, but with his rigidity softened by his ready smile and his all around affability he certainly looks the part.

For the benefit of those who may have seen one bank failure after another, it may be said that he is six feet two inches tall, broad of shoulder, bald and smooth faced. He has a long, thin, straight nose, bright blue eyes and a slight smile. His voice is strong, but a little throaty. This may be the great opportunity of Mr. Cummings life, for opportunity always has been given on this occasion. The man who can air this convention with a really great speech, the kind that Bob Ingersoll could rip out, must go very far.

Cummings Receives Attention.

The chairman's speech turns largely upon the Democratic theory that the Republican party is still living in the days of Mark Hanna. It abuses the Chicago convention for betraying the people and compares to this shameful record the record of the Democratic achievements as long as your arm.

Cummings is heard with close attention. This is partly because the delegates are not one bank failure after another, but also because the delegates are not one bank failure after another, but also because the delegates are not one bank failure after another.

Convention Listens for One Name.

The first burst of applause for Mr. Cummings springs up when he says that the Democratic party in 1912, but the cheering and handclapping increased as he steadily thumped the G. O. P. and attributed to the party of the Jackals all of the known ills of the country.

As Cummings goes on the queue of a good many persons wanders over his head to the portrait of President Wilson unveiled a few minutes ago. It is framed with a wreath of laurel and again Cummings says the man who arranged this stunt didn't get a really good picture of the President while they were about it. This one in its coloring and execution reminds one of the portraits done at the end of the armistice at county fairs.

There really are some fine passages in Cummings' speech, as when in alluding to the Democratic record of the past, he speaks of France clinging with agonized eyes to the rock of Verdun. Also, Cummings is "getting them," for the explosions of applause are more frequent and the applause is more genuine.

It Lasts Twenty Seconds.

Again the Wilson appeal fails to come up to expectations. Most of the delegates, it is true, are on their feet many of them have hats in hand and a few are waving their hats, but it is not a cheer and while it is like no other sound made by human beings—but it is not a demonstration in the real sense of the word. It is merely an upsurge and a shouting. It lasts only twenty seconds and is all over.

This ended, Mr. Cummings is reminding us that the great war was the clearest war ever fought in the history of the world, and that \$40,000,000,000 went through Democratic hands without any of it sticking.

Cummings' savage fling at Truman if New York's Mr. Higgins delights numerous elements in this crowd, who like that sort of thing. But as the chairman's speech flows along one begins to doubt the man and the grand prize with the aid of his own party. He has a sense of humor. He even laughs at his own stuff when the crowd does. All this is fatal, according to Job Hedges of New York.

Harmony Conference Going On.

Long ago there should have been some sudden and tremendous shout, joined in by the entire crowd, all hypnotized against their will by the strange personality of this prophet. But the shout has not been raised. The reason is instantly clear. Bryan is not in the list of minor jobs which are decorative only. The only interesting thing about this list is that for the first time in history it contains the name of a woman.

For some reason, as Smith reads the names there are ripples of laughter, and one wonders why this is, because

Wilson Once Rejected Bryan's Treaty Plank

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.—Mr. Bryan's league plank is regarded by administration Democrats here as embodying much the same proposals as he brought out at the Jackson Day dinner in Washington and which signified a rift between the President and Mr. Bryan over the issue.

His proposal that the treaty be ratified with such reservations as a majority of the Senate might agree upon was rejected then by all administration leaders in the treaty fight.

lional Committee men and of the real bosses of the free and independent gathering, explains Bryan's absence. Dry and weak, treaty friends and treaty foes, friends of Ireland and friends of the United States are meeting to other in a last minute effort to revise their party rows outside the convention hall. Bryan says this morning he is perfectly willing to compromise. If he will take a bone dry plank he is entirely willing to meet them half way.

Another important fact not visible to the vulgar eye is the new favorite of the White House, the Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby. Mr. Colby's undoubted loyalty has been used for the party of his present choice directly upon the floor and in the thick of battle. He is to be the floor leader, the job held in the Republican party by Senator Jim Watson of Indiana. It will be Colby's job to fly to Bryan when the Nebraskaan lets fly.

Read Among the Missing.

Here's excitement not visible on the stage. How is Senator James A. Reed of Missouri taking his exit from the delegation of his State at the hands of the National Committee? We heard last night that Reed would come here this morning, try to take his seat and defy the world to put him out. But apparently he has not come near the auditorium. He is not in the building, and his friends say they haven't seen him.

When Cummings asserted that the Republican meeting at Chicago was not a convention but an auction there were identical smiles of pleased agreement on the faces of George E. Brennan of Illinois and Charles F. Murphy, who sit across the central aisle from each other, and Murphy turns to Burke Cockran, who sits next to him, and nods his satisfaction.

It is now getting on toward 2:30 o'clock, which is, of course, 6:30 in New York. But night in New York does not seem a sound reason for the nap which ex-Renewer John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn is now enjoying.

Mr. Fitzgerald slumbers gently while Cummings beats the drum for the League of Nations. The delegates seem interested in the plan, but they do not cheer. Some of the "horses" are real idlers, but here they all are: William J. Bryan. Three times up and always willing.

George E. Chamberlain, Senator from Oregon.

Champ Clark, former Speaker.

Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State, a former Republican.

James M. Cox, Governor of Ohio.

Homer S. Cummings, chairman of the National Committee.

John W. Davis, Ambassador to Great Britain.

Edward L. Edwards, Governor of New Jersey. Wet but weak.

Frederick D. Gardner, Governor of Missouri.

James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany.

Carter Glass, Virginia Senator.

Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago five times.

Gibson M. Hitchcock, Senator from Nebraska.

Thomas R. Marshall, Vice-President.

William G. McAdoo.

Edwin F. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture.

Island S. Morris, Ambassador to Japan.

Lewis Nixon, Public Service Commissioner, New York.

Robert L. Owen, Senator from Oklahoma.

A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney-General.

J. Barton Payne, Secretary of the Interior.

H. R. Rainey, Illinois Representative.

His home town paper suggested him. He's dry.

F. McI. Simmons, North Carolina Senator.

Affred E. Smith, Governor of New York.

Raymond G. Stevens, New Hampshire Representative.

John Sharpe Williams, Mississippi Senator.

Oscar W. Underwood, Senator from Alabama.

Woodrow Wilson.

tion and throws down his manuscript, the auditorium is bathed in an unholy radiance. There is something of the pit, yet fascinating, about the murderous glare of motion picture spotlights as they are instantly turned on Cummings, while the band, which has had a good rest, jumps to the attack once more and everybody stands up to cheer and wave his flag.

In a balcony way up high, a railroad coop built for one of the bands, a choir starts singing. This is the first singing of the convention. On the other side of the pipe organ in a similar choir, the Glen City Glee boys from Ohio turn loose, with their national hymn, "Oink." The trouble is that these groups sing simultaneously and a different song. Chairman Cummings waves at the young women until they get the big idea that they are out of their time. They stop, and on rolls "Oink."

When this is ended Gov. Frederick D. Gardner of Missouri has the honor of being the first speaker recognized on the floor. He mounts the stage and reads a message from the convention to President Wilson, which he wishes to have adopted for transmission. It is a message of congratulation on the first recovery of health. The President declines it without dissent.

Brennan of Illinois moves that the rules of the Sixty-fifth Congress govern the convention as far as possible and it is so voted, as the session peters out, with the presentation of half a dozen uninteresting resolutions and requests, and the delegates are almost all asleep in the aisles. Everybody is talking or thinking, anyway, about this remarkable message to Woodrow Wilson. Everybody wants to know why.

After more than three hours, most of which have been really interesting, decidedly more interesting than the similar period of the Chicago show, Mr. Cummings calls it a day. He will be in the convention hall until 11 P. M. to-morrow.

The last act for the day was the adoption, in a truly reverential spirit, of a resolution of respect for the memory of the late Senator Ollie James of Illinois, who presided as temporary chairman over the Baltimore Convention in 1912. The resolution was offered by Gavin McNab of California.

28 FOUND WILLING TO TAKE PRESIDENCY

Eleven Only Willing to Accept Second Place.

By a Staff Correspondent of THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.—Before the convention reaches the balloting stage twenty-eight men are mentioned as "possibilities" for the Presidential nomination and eleven others for second place on the ticket. In case some of the first group is selected for the Vice-Presidency, some of the "horses" are real idlers, but here they all are: William J. Bryan. Three times up and always willing.

George E. Chamberlain, Senator from Oregon.

Champ Clark, former Speaker.

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Oscar W. Underwood, Senator from Alabama.

Woodrow Wilson.

For Vice-President:

J. Hamilton Lewis, former Senator from Illinois.

David R. Francis, Ambassador to Russia.

Samuel V. Stewart, Governor of Montana.

Victor Murdock, Federal Trade Commission, former Republican.

Laurence D. Tyson, General, a North Carolina lawyer.

Charles H. Brough, Governor of Arkansas.

Robert Lansing, former Secretary of State.

E. L. Doherty, oil operator.

George H. Hodges, former Governor of Kansas.

James H. Hawley, ex-Governor of Idaho.

Mrs. Annette A. Adams, Assistant United States Attorney-General. First woman ever suggested.

N. Y. CAUCUS ADOPTS LIGHT WINE PLANK

Also Recommends Convention
Indorse Self-Determination
for Ireland.